

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

MAY, 1901.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

FOR VENICE.*

The Lady Marina was wan from fear and fasting, but very resolute, though her face showed traces of tears, as her husband entered the oratory of the palace, whither she had implored him to come to her before he went to the Senate Chamber—a dignity to which he had but just been elected.

"Why hast thou summoned me hither?" he asked somewhat coldly; for, like most light-hearted people, he disliked scenes, and differences between himself and his wife were the more intolerable to him because he truly loved her.

"Oh, Marco, my beloved!" she exclaimed imploringly, "thou lovest Venice as much as I, and thy little word can save her from this great horror, for thou art in the councils of thy people."

"Nay, Marina, thou dost not understand," he answered deprecatingly, softening at the sight of her trouble. "I have but one vote; it is as nothing in the Senate—it would but draw indignation against our house. It is not possible to fall in loyalty to the Republic on this first occasion of moment."

"Thy father might be won, if thou hast but courage. Thou art a Giustinian; it is thy duty to speak in time of peril, and thy words would make others

brave to follow thee. Thus shalt thou save Venice."

"If thou didst but know, carina, how the Senate and the Ten are set against this wish of thine! I should not speak of this matter to thee, for it is secret—but to calm thee and help thee understand."

"How shall it calm me to know that the people and the city are rushing under the ban? If this terrible resolution passes, if our child—our tender child—were to die to-morrow, he would go without burial—a little wandering soul! Marco, thou lovest our child?"

Her pauses and her desperate struggle for control were full of inexpressible horror.

"Calm thyself, my darling; it shall not be," he answered, reassuringly.

"Oh, Marco mio! And thou wilt give thy vote against it? And thou wilt use thine influence in the Council? Promise me!"

She clung to him sobbing and exhausted.

He soothed her for a moment silently; should he leave her under such a misunderstanding? It would be easier for them both, but he had intended no untruth. How was it possible to make such a woman understand? She was quiet now, and he was stealing away from her with a kiss on her brow.

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In the midst of an excited debate, immediately preceding the final vote,

*The Golden Book of Venice: A Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By Mrs. Laurence Turnbull. Copyright, 1900. The Century Company. Price \$1.50.

the door of the Senate Chamber was suddenly thrown open by the keeper, who announced in an awestruck tone:

"A citizen claims the right of the humblest Venetian to bring before Messer the Doge a message of vital import in the question under discussion."

He uttered the words tremblingly, as if he had been taught them, and the interruption at such an hour, though not unprecedented, was at least unusual enough to cause consternation. The flood of words ceased; there was an uneasy movement among the senators, then a hush of suspense.

Without waiting for the customary consent of the Doge, a procession of white-robed, white-veiled women passed through the open doorway, moving slowly and solemnly to the Doge's throne. The leader stepped forth from her group of maidens, and knelt at the foot of the dais.

This sudden arrest of action by these white-robed, gliding figures, at a moment when the Senate was about to defy the authority of the Church, brought a superstitious thrill to many hearts within that chamber.

The group of Councillors on the dais swayed and parted against that wonderful background of Tintoret, the dead Christ and the two Doges reverently kneeling in proof of the devotion of this Most Serene Republic. Around the vast and sumptuous chamber, where the proud Signoria assembled, like a Council of kings, Venice had chronicled her triumphs and her religious humility in endless repetition and intimately blended, as became her faith; the Doges Priuli, kneeling in prayer; Venice, mounted defiantly on the Lion of Saint Mark; other portraits of other doges, in attitudes of devotion; other pictures of the Christ, of the saints, always symbolic; but over all—triumphant, beautiful—with its ir-

resistible sea-tones, cool and strong. Venice, Queen of the Sea, compelling the homage of her rulers, from the ceiling's height.

Twice the Doge essayed to speak, but the faces of the younger men warned him of the danger of such an interruption at a moment when the entire vote had seemed sure, and so filled him with wrath that he dared not speak until he could control his voice, lest its tremor be mistaken for fear. The moment seemed an hour.

"Reveal thyself!" Leonardo Donato commanded at last; "and rise!"

The suppliant slowly rose, throwing back her vell, and revealing a face that was spirit-like in its pallor and beauty, with deep eyes unfathomably sad. Her maidens gathered close about her, as if to support her, for she trembled as she stood.

A low murmur arose. "The Lady of the Giustiniani!"

In all that vast Council Chamber there was no movement, save the slight commotion among a group of red-robed senators farthest from the throne, who were forcibly detaining the Senator Marcantonio Giustiniani, and the imperative gesture from the dais which had waved him back and hushed his involuntary expression of horror.

"My daughter," said the Doge in a tone full of consideration, "this is not fitting. At another moment we will listen to thy request. Thou mayest withdraw."

"Serenissimo, Prince of Venice!" Marna cried, stretching forth her hands, "be gracious to me! Now must I speak my message, or it will be too late—and it hath been granted me in a vision for the welfare of the people of Venice. If the Ruler of this Republic will win the consent of the Senate and the Council to comply with the admonitions of the Most Holy Father, the day shall be happy for Venice."

"Take her away—she is distraught,"

commanded one of the Chiefs of the Ten, starting forward.

There was a movement of irresolution among those immediately surrounding the Doge; but the Lady Marina, like one commissioned for a holy emprise, had no fear.

"Nay, for I claim my right, as citizen of Venice, to bring my grievance to the Doge's throne," she answered proudly.

I am mother to a son who shall one day take his seat among the nobles of this Council; I am daughter to a man of the people—beloved by his own class, and honorably known, in the records of the Ten, among the industries of Venice—who hath but now refused the seat of honor they would have granted him, that he might more truly serve the interests of the people; I am wife to a noble whose ancient name hath written again and again in records of highest service most honorable to the Republic. My grievance is the grievance of Venice—of the nobles and the people!"

She spoke with the exaltation of inspiration and there was a hush in the chamber as if she had wrought some spell they could not break.

Presently into this silence a voice—low, clear, emotionless—dropped the consenting words, "Speak on, that justice be not defrauded by the half-told tale."

Instinctively the eyes of the Senators turned to the face of the Chief Counsellor, whose opinions had ruled the debate for many days past; but he sat serene and unmoved among his violet-robed colleagues, with no trace of sympathy nor speech upon his placid and inscrutable countenance. If the words were his they were simply an impartial reminder of duty—they concealed no opinion; the senators were to be the judges of the scene, and justice required them to listen.

They gave a quickened interest.

"I plead for the people who have no

representatives here—for the people who are faithful to the Church and dutiful to the Holy Father; let not this undeserved horror come upon them. Leave them their heaven who have no earthly paradise!"

The lady's strength seemed failing, for the last words had come more painfully, though with a ring of passionate indignation.

Again Marcantonio Giustiniani broke from his detaining colleagues to attempt to reach his wife; and a second time the hands of the councillors waved him back.

"Spare us this anathema, most gracious Prince!" she cried. "I speak for the mothers of all the babes in Venice. And oh, my Lords"—and now the words came in a low, intense wail, as she turned instinctively and included them all in the beseeching motion of her hands—"if you have no mercy on yourselves, at least have mercy on your tender little ones! Do not bring damnation on these innocent, helpless children by your own act. Be great enough to submit to a greater power!"

"It is unseemly," murmured another of the Councillors, yet low, as if afraid of his own judgment in a case so strange.

Leonardo Donato had been in possession of the supreme ducal authority but a few weeks, not long enough to unlearn the tone of command and the quick power of decision which had distinguished him as ambassador when he had been chosen with the unanimous approval of this august assembly, to conciliate the court of Rome in the hour of the Republic's great emergency. His presence of mind returned to him; the scene had lasted long enough, and the situation was critical. The noble Lady Marina must be retired without disgrace, for the honor of the Ca' Giustiniani; but, above all, that she might not heighten the impression which her presence had already creat-

ed. And she must be placed where she could exercise no further influence, yet in a way that should awaken no commiseration; for she was beautiful and terribly in earnest, and in her deep eyes there was the light of a prophet, and all Venice was at her feet.

The Doge spoke a word low to his Councillors, who sat nearest him on either side, and they with decorous signs of approval, passed it on to the others. Thus fortified he rose, descended the steps of the ducal throne, and addressed her with grave courtesy the whole house, as in custom bound, rising also while their prince was standing.

"We do not forget, most noble Lady Marina Giustiniani, that more than many others thou art a daughter of the Republic, being especially adopted by the Act of the Signoria; and thy love for Venice wins forgiveness for the strangeness of the fear that we, her loyal rulers, could work her harm. But thou art distressed and needing rest from the pain of the vision which thou has confided to us. We will care for thee as a father should.

"Let the noble Senator Marcantonio Giustiniani approach and conduct his lady to private apartments within our palace, where she may rest, with her maidens, until she shall be refreshed.

One of our secretaries shall show the way and remain to see that every aid is bestowed."

The secretary whom the Doge had designated by a glance had approached and received a rapid order, spoken in an undertone; Marina had fallen, almost fainting, upon her husband's arm, as he reached her after the permission so intolerably delayed, yet he dared not move in that imperious presence without further bidding. His hand stole over hers to comfort her. She had suffered so much that he could not be angry.

Leonardo Donato's eyes quickly scanned the faces of the senators, seeking the two least sympathetic.

"The Senators Morosini and Sagredo will escort them," he said, "and will return in haste with the Senator Giustiniani to do their duty to the Republic."

At the door Marina turned again, rallying her failing strength with a last desperate effort, but the words came in a broken, agonized whisper: "O Sanctissima Maria Vergine! Mater Dolorosa! because thou art the special guardian of this Virgin City—and here, in her councils, none of thy reverend fathers may plead for thee—be merciful, Madre Beatissima! Save us from our doom!"

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN PESSIMISM.*

It seems ignoble, but it is nevertheless true, that personal fortune in this world has much to do with the optimistic and pessimistic moods in which men view the universe. One must make room here for a wide and long procession of exceptions. One must

not overlook the literal and symbolic truth in the serenity of Epictetus, the slave, and the misery of Nero, the emperor, the chastened but invincible hopelessness of John the Baptist in his prison, and the terrible forebodings of Herod in his palace, the supreme trust of Christ upon his cross in the Father of the spirit, and the fear of Pilate in his high success. Heroism has the

**The New Epoch for Faith.* By George A. Gordon, D. D. Copyright, 1901. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

power to transmute the dross of existence, the injustice and outrage to which it is subjected, into gold; while meanness of soul reduces the golden triumph to dust and ashes. There could hardly be a more fateful mistake than to overlook this double movement in human history—the sublimation of sorrow and the debasement of success, the proclamation of the gospel of love from the grave of earthly hope, and the utterance of the evangel of despair from the summit of earthly achievement. This is, indeed, the heart of the most precious tradition of mankind. The men of whom the world has not been worthy are precisely those who have looked upon good report and evil as mere incidents in the passionate pursuit of sublime and wholly indispensable ideals. And upon the negative side the pessimism that has its origin in egoism is never the most affecting. The despair that issues from altruistic sources, the negation of faith that has its spring in pity for mankind, is the really great phenomenon. Rachel in her eternal peace, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not, is the type of the despair that is truly mighty.

Upon the majority of mankind, however, personal fortune does tell. Odysseus's fortune was hard, but upon the whole good. He cannot think ungratefully of the order that gave him Penelope and Telemachus, and that after a career so varied, romantic and glorious brought him back to the unshaken fidelity and the everlasting affection of his home. With many memories that made him weep Odysseus can hardly look upon the universe with other than friendly eyes. On the other side of the question, if one is supposed to have undergone the horrors to which Edipus the king was subjected, one would be more than human if the experience left belief in the moral order of the world unaffected. The order that

should avenge any conceivable crime by a predestination so horrible, that should lead its victim into the snare by the steps taken in all honesty to avoid it, that should make innocence the path to parricide and incest, could hardly appear as other than diabolic. It is not implied that this is the whole story, or that there are not larger ethical settings in which the central horror should be viewed. The point made is that one would be more than human if one were able to transcend the personal abuse experienced at the hands of the universe.

Passing from imagination to fact, it has often been remarked that the healthy optimism of Aristotle owed something to the rare good fortune of the philosopher. The man who had Plato for his master, Alexander the Great for his patron, one of the happiest of Greek homes, the supreme opportunity of the ancient world for philosophic achievement, and powers to match it unparalleled in their grandeur, could scarcely fail, on these accounts, to think a little better of the world.

Few and uncertain as the facts are about the personal fortune of the great Roman thinker and poet, Lucretius, in reading his poem it is nearly impossible to resist the impression that the bitterness of individual sorrow is in it. There is certainly more than that. The sympathy that feels the fears with which superstition has afflicted his time, and that would deliver men from their burdens, is the basis of the great poem; but the social purpose is fired by passionate personal grief. The man who wrote that poem had a hard lot in life, and the spectacles through which he looked upon the universe were blurred and darkened by the sad eyes that used them. James Russell Lowell has remarked that the *Paradiso* was Dante's reward for living. The poet had found the

supreme good, and the universe could appear in no other character. Suppose that Dante had stopped with the *Purgatorio* or with the *Inferno*. Many men go no further. An infernal fortune is apt to characterize the universe in its own vocabulary, and according to its own idiom.

All this is unphilosophic in the last degree. One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one flake of snow make winter. Personal fortune, whether happy or unhappy, is an insufficient basis for a general judgment as to the character of the ultimate reality. Nevertheless, as a source of doubt, personal ill-fortune is prolific. The intellectual disinterestedness and the moral heroism that take a man outside of himself, that enable him to regard the universe in the light of pure reason and the glow of a passion for the highest education of man, while they are the double summit from which the only adequate vision is to be had, are altogether too high and steep for the majority of mankind. The personal element in the work of Ecclesiastes and Lucian and Omar Khayyám and Swift and Schopenhauer and James Thomson should not be overlooked. It is the sheer stupidity of a false generosity that cannot hear in the productions of these men the fundamental note of personal failure. The objective truth of their work is secondary, perhaps accidental, and it is certainly severely limited. The primary thing about it is its autobiographic value. The conclusions of Ecclesiastes are inevitable from its premises, and the vital syllogism presented in its pages stands there a painful sign as to where the truth is not to be found. Lucian is a gifted, entertaining writer, and in the great workshop of the world there is something for him to do. But the man who never takes the world seriously cannot object if it refuses to take him seriously. Omar Khayyám's

philosophy would appear to be mightily supported by his practice. Swift, one of the noblest of natures, and one of the greatest of writers, carries up into his work his personal experience in the world. As Christian minister there is no evidence that his eye was single, or that he ever seriously entertained the Christian ideal. The initial horror of Swift's life was that he was in the ministry of self-sacrifice with the purpose of self-assertion. He had neither the comfort of his calling nor the freedom of the man of the world. Disappointed ambition, disgust at the men and the things that united to defeat him, scorn for the weakness and the villainy of the world, magnified by his embittered and passionate imagination, and the saving although savage humor that opened the floodgates for his tormented heart, are the chief sources of Swift's work. One can scarcely resist the conclusion that if he had gone in another direction he would have reached a different goal. Swift is one of the greatest masters of irony, and he felt the irony of the universe when he said of "Gulliver's Travels" that the book that he had written to vex the world had become the amusement of children. Somehow men are discovered, the sources of their work and the estimate in which it should be held. Schopenhauer is of a more objective character; still, the personal contribution which the pessimist makes to his own creed finds an uncommonly impressive illustration in this writer. The universal value of James Thomson's great poem is evident to every discerning reader. It seems to me the greatest poem of despair in the world; it voices with a terrible sincerity the hopeless sorrow of mankind. It is the only adequate voice for a large section of the experience of human beings in the nineteenth century. It would be folly to look at it as other than sadly representative; yet one must

think that the streets of the "City of Dreadful Night" would not have been so dark had the quantity of Scotch whiskey consumed in them been less. The moral problem of the universe is inseparable from the moral character of the thinker. The pessimism that is in a large measure produced or inspired or colored by the moral failures of the pessimist does not impress the world as scientific. The only really objective and scientifically valid pessimism would be the pessimism of love. Had Jesus Christ in his love for mankind

accused the universe of indifference, that accusation would at least be impartial. Had He, in His service of love for men, written a book to show wherein in the universe had opposed Him or left Him unsupported, that book would be the Bible of pessimism. The conditions would be such as to ensure, not indeed a necessarily fatal, but the strongest conceivable arraignment of the moral character of the Infinite. Short of this one must have doubts of the doubters and compassionate them.

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.*

I SHALL ARISE.

You doubt. And yet, O you who walk your ways
Glad of your very breath!
Look back along the days:
Have you not tasted death?

What of the hour of anguish, over-past,
So fierce, so lone,
That even now the Soul looks back aghast
At sorrow of its own:
The pierced hands and stark,—
The eyes gone dark?
You who have known
And trodden down the fangs of such defeat,
Did you not feel some veil of flesh sore rent,—
Then, wonderment?
Did you not find it sweet
To live, still live,— to see, to breathe again,
Victorious over pain?
Did you not feel once more, as darkness went,
Upon your forehead, cold with mortal dew,
The daybreak new?
And far and near, some eastern breath of air
From that rapt Garden where
The lilies stood new-risen, fragrant
Than myrrh?

* Fortune and Men's Eyes. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Copyright, 1900. Small, Maynard & Co.
Last Songs from Vagabondia. By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Copyright, 1900. Small, Maynard & Co.

Recent American Verse.

"Death, Death, was this thy sting—
 This bitter thing?
 Can it be past?
 Only I know there was one agony,
 One strait way to pass by,
 A stress that could not last.
 And in such conflict, something had to die. . . .
 It was not I."

Josephine Preston Peabody.

MAY AND JUNE.

I

May comes, day comes,
 One who was away comes;
 All the earth is glad again,
 Kind and fair to me.

May comes, day comes,
 One who was away comes;
 Set his place at hearth and board
 As they used to be.

May comes, day comes,
 One who was away comes;
 Higher are the hills of home,
 Bluer is the sea.

II

June comes, and the moon comes
 Out of the curving sea,
 Like a frail golden bubble,
 To hang in the lilac tree.

June comes, and a croon comes
 Up from the old gray sea,
 But not the longed-for footstep
 And the voice at the door for me.

Bliss Carman.

NEW YORK.

The low line of the walls that lie outspread
 Miles on long miles, the fog and smoke and slime,
 The wharves and ships with flags of every clime,
 The domes and steeples rising overhead!

It is not these. Rather it is the tread
Of million heavy feet that keep sad time
To heavy thoughts, the want that mothers crime,
The weary toiling for a bitter bread,
The perishing of poets for renown,
The shriek of shame from the concealing waves.
Ah, me! how many heart-beats day by day
Go to make up the life of the vast town!
O myriad dead in unremembered graves!
O torrent of the living down Broadway!

Richard Hovey.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A familiar name in literature reappears in the announcement that the life of Miss Mary Kingsley will be written by her brother, Charles Kingsley.

It is expected that Miss Runkle's striking story, "The Helmet of Navarre," which has attracted so much attention during its progress through *The Century*, will be published as a book next month.

Apropos of the announcement that Mr. Richard Mansfield is to play in a dramatized version of "Omar Khayyam," Literature remarks that one can almost as readily picture a dramatized version of "The Origin of Species" or the Book of Proverbs.

Much has been written about China, but a book which should have unusual interest is the diary kept day by day by the Rev. Roland Allen during the siege of the legations at Peking. It may be hoped that so detailed a narrative will convey new information.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert publish a new edition of the little volume of

"Comforting Thoughts," which Miss Irene H. Ovington collected several years ago from the spoken words of Henry Ward Beecher. Some material has been added, and Dr. Hillis, who is Mr. Beecher's successor in the pulpit of Plymouth church, furnishes an introduction.

The Rev. Alford A. Butler's handbook, "How to Study the Life of Christ," is intended primarily for Sunday School teachers, but will be found serviceable by any Bible students. It is helpful and suggestive, and any one who follows its careful analytical presentation can hardly fail to have a more systematic arrangement in his memory of the essential facts in the "Life of lives." Thomas Whittaker.

The publishers constituting the American Publishers' Association, among whom are most of the leading houses, have framed an agreement, to take effect on the first of May, which is intended to put an end to the practice of selling books at "cut" prices. The agreement applies to all copyrighted books published after the date named, except school books, fiction, and

books issued for the subscription trade. For all books outside of the excepted classes, the publishers in the Association will fix a net price, and the booksellers will be required to sell at that price, on penalty of being cut off from supplies. A somewhat similar agreement has been in operation in England since the first of January, 1900.

The autobiography of Max Müller is announced by the Scribners for early publication. The following characteristic bit is quoted from the Introduction:—

People wished to know how a boy, born and educated in a small and almost unknown town in the centre of Germany, should have come to England, should have been chosen there to edit the oldest book of the world, "The Veda of Brahmans," never published before, whether in India or in Europe, should have passed the best part of his life as a professor in the most famous and, as it was thought, the most exclusive University in England, and should actually have ended his days as a member of Her Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council. I confess myself it seems a very strange career, yet everything came about most naturally, not by my own effort, but owing again to those circumstances or to that environment of which we have heard so much of late.

In "A Missing Hero" Mrs. Alexander adds to her long list of popular novels a story of early colonial life in South Africa. A well-to-do English settler there, his pretty half-sister, and a callow young nobleman on his travels under guard of his tutor make up the group of characters, with the aid of the missing hero himself, a hunter and trapper of repute, whose past is mysterious but whose future brightens with the death of a rich relative "at home." Not a society story, nor a problem novel, nor a study in philan-

thropy or psychology, nor a new venture in dialect, the book is pleasant, entertaining reading, if a trifle commonplace and obvious. R. F. Fenno & Co.

The work of the late Rowland E. Robinson as a chronicler of the peculiar and picturesque life of Vermont in its early days was done with rare sympathy and skill, whether he chose fiction for his medium, as in the "Danvis" stories, or history, in his contribution to the "American Commonwealths Series." There will be many readers to welcome the posthumous volume which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish under the title "Sam Lovel's Boy." Written especially for boys, the story is one which will appeal to older readers as well, with its fresh, breezy style, its wholesome tone, and above all its kindly and unexaggerated character study. The boys themselves will delight in these stories of trapping and gunning, and the genuine historical value of the book, as a picture of manners and modes of life already of the past, will not obtrude itself in a way to mar their pleasure.

The position which the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott occupies as perhaps the leader of liberal thought in the Congregational denomination in this country lends a certain element of authority to his exposition of "The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews" as studied in the light of the "higher criticism." The volume puts at the disposal of the reader who has not the time to follow the later critical researches most of their essential results, so far as the Old Testament scriptures are concerned. The interest of the book and its value as well, is enhanced by the fact that Dr. Abbott's main purpose is not polemical but helpful, not destructive but constructive. He has rejected from his creed much that the

older orthodoxy regarded as important if not essential, but the spiritual life has gained rather than lost in attractiveness to him. His book will be found suggestive, whether it be read as a contribution to the literary study of the Bible, or as an aid to the steady-ing and adjustment of faith. Hough-ton, Mifflin & Co.

The novelist who essays a study of New England life inevitably invites comparison of her work with Miss Jewett's and Miss Wilkins', and but few stories can stand the test as well as Jeannette Lee's "A Pillar of Salt." In its portrayal of character the book combines a kindly and delicate humor with a certain grim strength in a way to suggest both writers—fulsome as such praise may sound. The plot turns on the struggle of a man of inventive genius to reconcile his own aspirations with the practical necessities of his family, his wife playing the part which the title hints at. The characters of both are strikingly drawn, and the individualizing of the children in the household group gives opportunity for touches of light in a picture otherwise too sombre. One wishes that the book might have been larger. The plot re-quired more space for its development, and there is a crowding of incident toward the end which makes the last half less convincing than the first. The effect is of a sketch rather than a finished work, though a sketch which leaves no doubt of the artist's talent. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have done American readers a genuine service by reproducing "Lord Jim" for them in book form upon its conclusion in Black-wood's Magazine. Joseph Conrad has not chosen to be a "popular" writer, though there is enough of stirring ad-venture and vivid description in "Lord Jim" to furnish forth a first-rate novel

of the "popular" sort. The human interest is always paramount to him, and shipwreck or battle concerns him only as the scene of the struggles of the soul. His latest work is a psycho-logical study of remarkable subtlety and strength—a study of cowardice, re-morse and retrieval. The narrative opens on the Arabian Sea, with the steamer *Patna* unseaworthy and over-loaded with Mohammedan pilgrims, and closes in an obscure trading-post of the Malaysian Archipelago. It was criticized in its serial form for its length and its exuberance of detail, but these faults disappear with the opportunity for consecutive reading, and those who appreciate its peculiar quality will find few pages they could have spared.

A volume by Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D., is always a notable contribution to the growing list of those whose purpose is the restatement of religious truth in language as sympathetic as may be to the best secular thought of to-day. "The New Epoch for Faith" shows less of its writer's constructive ability than some of his earlier works, as its theme demands less; but it is characterized by the same breadth, catholicity and optimism. Believing that we are entering on an era not of doubt, but of faith, Dr. Gordon's aim is to "appraise the value" of the century just past. The discoveries of science, the newer methods of historical study with their testimony to the universality of the religious instinct, the most recent tendencies of philosophy, the "higher criticism" and especially the increasing reverence for humanity, are all, in his estimation, to prove pow-erful agencies for the reinforcement of religious faith. The volume to follow on "Ultimate Conceptions of Faith," of which this preface gives a hint, will be awaited with interest. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Anne Mainwaring. By Lady Ridley. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Comforting Thoughts. Spoken by Henry Ward Beecher. Arranged by Irene H. Ovington, with an introduction by Newell Dwight Hillis. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price 75 cents.
- Cooper, Peter. By R. W. Raymond. Riverside Biographical Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price 75 cents.
- Curious Career of Roderick Campbell, The. By Jean N. McIlvraith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Illustrated. Price \$1.50.
- Egypt and the Hinterland. By Frederic Walter Fuller. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Ephemera Critica. By J. Churton Collins. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Evolution of the Individual. By Frank Newland Doud, M. D. The Reynolds Publishing Co. Price \$1.
- German and Swiss Settlements of Colonial Pennsylvania, The: A Study of the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch. By Oscar Kuhns. Henry Holt & Co.
- Hebrews, The Social Life of the. By Rev. Edward Day. Semitic Series. John C. Nimmo.
- How to Study the Life of Christ. A Handbook for Sunday-School Teachers, and other Bible Students. By the Rev. Alford A. Butler, M. A. Thomas Whittaker. Price 75 cents.
- In the Beginning: A Study of the Origin and Antiquity of Man. Translated by G. S. Whitmarsh from "Les Origines," by J. Guibert, S. S. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
- Jefferson, Thomas. By H. C. Merwin. Riverside Biographical Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price 75 cents.
- King's End. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews, The. By Lyman Abbott, D. D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.
- Light of the World, The. By Herbert D. Ward. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.
- Love and Honor. By M. E. Carr Smith, Elder & Co.
- Love Letters of a Violinist, and Other Poems. By Eric Mackay. The Lark Classics. Doxey's At the Sign of the Lark, New York. Price 50 cents.
- Love Sonnets of Proteus, The. By Wilfred Scawen Blunt. The Lark Classics. Doxey's At the Sign of the Lark, New York. Price 50 cents.
- Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price \$1.50.
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